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## Gymnastics.—The Climbing Stand.



WHILE so much attention is paid to mental education in this country, and so many of the exercises and amusements in which our ancestors indulged have become obsolete, or are suppressed, we are glad to see an attempt made to introduce gymnastics, or a series of exercises calculated to promote health, and to afford recreation. It is, however, probable, that, as in many other new projects, the study of gymnastics may be carried to excess; but they are calculated, when used in discretion, to be of service to most classes of society, particularly the sedentary.

Although gymnastics have so recently been introduced into this country on a systematic plan, or as a branch of education, yet they were known to the ancients, particularly the Greeks, who had their gymnasium for the performance of them. The earliest evidence we have of gymnastic exercises among them is in *Homer's Iliad*, book the 23rd, in which are described the games celebrated at the funeral of Patroclus. The Grecian gymnastics consisted of chariot races, boxing, wrestling, foot races, drawing the bow, hurling javelins, &c.

Plato states, that one Herodicus introduced this art into physic; and Hippocrates, who lived at a later period, recommended it; but as physicians did not adopt all the exercises of the gymnastic art, it came to be divided between them and the teachers of warlike and athletic exercises, who kept schools for the purpose.

From Greece gymnastic exercises were imported into the Roman empire, where the young men were exercised in athletic sports in a large plain, by the side of the Tiber, called the *Campus Martius*, or in public schools, termed *Gymnasium*, or *Palaestra*; but as the amusements did not differ materially from those in Greece, it is unnecessary to describe them. With the extinction of the Roman empire fell these exercises; and it is only within the last few years that gymnastics have been revived, first in Germany, and afterwards in other countries in Europe.

It was, however, in Denmark that these exercises were first considered in a national point of view; and in 1803 the number of gymnastic establishments in that country had amounted to fourteen, in which three thousand young men were educated. Indeed on the continent generally, the system spread, and it has now reached this country.

It will be readily conceived that any number of persons might devise modes of exercise or amusement for themselves, were they unacquainted with those necessary for the purpose; it is, however, an advantage in gymnastics, that it is founded on principles of medical science, and

thus, what in itself may be found a source of recreation, is rendered advantageous to health.

In commencing a short series of articles on the subject of gymnastics, we have selected for an engraving the climbing stand, which is calculated to teach the art of climbing and mounting, so important to both the military and the civil establishments of any country; we pass over the advantage it affords to persons in a civil or military capacity; but it must be obvious, that in case of fire a person will possess a great advantage, if he is able at the shortest notice to descend from the loftiest and most awkward elevations.

Our engraving represents the climbing stand, consisting of two strong posts firmly fixed in the ground, twenty feet high, and about thirty feet distant from each other. They support a beam, which is strongly fastened to them. A mast is fixed upright close to the beam, to which it may be attached. To the beam are attached the implements for climbing, namely, two poles, three ropes, a rope ladder, and a mast.

The manner in which the students in gymnastics are to exercise themselves, we leave for description in our next number.

#### SAINT GEORGE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR.—The following ancient legend of the tutelar Saint and Patron of England, is from the *Legenda Aurea* of William Caxton.

A. B. C.

"Saynt George was a knyghte born at Capadocia. On a time he came into the province of Libya, to a cyte whiche is sayd Sylene, and by this cyte was a stayne or ponde lyke a see, wherein was a dragon whiche envynymed alle the cōtre, and the peple of the cyte gave to him every day two sheep for to fede hym, and when the sheep fayled, there was taken a man and sheep. Thenne was an ordanunce made in the toun, that there should be taken the chylidren and yung peple of them of the toun by lotte, and that it so happed the lotte fyl upon the kynges daughter, whereof the kyng was sory, and sayde, for the love of Goddes, take golde and silver, and alle that I have, and let me have my daughter; and the peple sayd, how, Syr, ye that have made and ordayned the lawe, and our chylidren be now deed, and now ye wolde do the contrarye; your daughter shall be gyven, or else we shall brenne you and you holdes. When the kyng saw he might no more doo, he began to weepen, and returned to the peple, and demanded eight dayes respyte, and when the eight dayes

weet passed, thenne dyd the kynge araye his daughter lyke as she should be wedded, and ledde her to the place where the dragon was. When she was there, Saynt George passed by, and demanded of the Ladye what she made there; and she sayde, go ye your wayes, fayre young man, that ye perissh not also. The legend then relates, that the dragon appeared, and Saynt George, upon his horse, bore himself against the dragon, and smote hym with his spere, and threw hym to the ground, and delivered the Ladye to her fader, who was baptized, and alle his peple. It says farther, that Saynt George was afterwards beheaded by order of the Emperour Dacien, in the year of our Lord 287, and concludes, This blessed holy martyr, Saint George, is patron of this royaume of Englonde, and the crye of men of waure, in the worship of whome is founded the noble order of the garter; and also a noble college in the Castle of Wyndesore, by kynge of Englonde, in whyche college is the name of Saynte George, whyche Sygysmund, the emperor of Almayne, brought and gave for a great and precious relique to King Harry the Fifth; and also the sayd Sygysmund was a broder of the sayd garter; and also here is a heyre of his hede; whyche college is nobly endowed to the honour and worship of Almighty God, and his blessed martyr Saynt George."

#### GEORGE BIDDER, THE CALCULATING BOY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I was in company a short time since with Mr. Bidder, the celebrated calculator, when a gentleman who was present, willing to give his extraordinary powers an opportunity of displaying themselves, put the following question to him:—How many pinches of snuff have I taken within the last twenty years of my life, supposing I have taken a pinch every five minutes? After about the same period of time had elapsed as the gentleman had occupied in stating his question, Bidder gave him the answer, which consisted of not a few places of figures.

He was then requested to name the quantity taken, supposing every pinch to weigh a grain, which he did on the instant, to the great delight and astonishment of his auditory. Several very intricate questions were then put to him, which would require an immense number of figures in their solution, in the common mode of reckoning, all of which were answered immediately without the

slightest hesitation; and all found on trial to be quite correct.

This extraordinary personage is now grown up to manhood, with his astonishing gift rather increased than diminished. He has been highly educated at a Scottish university, and is now a pupil to an eminent civil engineer.

Your's, &c. J. S.

#### BLUNDERS IN THE NEW NOVEL OF "WOODSTOCK."

Another yet?

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—You have already given a copious extract from the new novel of the Great (known) Unknown, "Woodstock," and you will no doubt, as on former occasions, insert a brief outline of the story in your future numbers.† I shall, therefore, leave to you the more agreeable task of exhibiting the prolific author of these amusing productions to advantage, whilst I proceed to point out his defects, as exemplified in the present work.

It has hitherto been usual to speak of the sun's rays as *gilding* the objects on which they fall, and of the moon's as *silvering* them; in the following passage the case is otherwise, the effects of both being ascribed to one:

"The trees were now so close, that the boughs made darkness over their heads; then receding farther to let in glimpses of the moon, and anon opening yet wider into little meadows or savannahs, on which the moon-beams lay in silvery silence, he thus proceeded on his lonely course; the various effects produced by that delicious light on the oaks, whose dark leaves, gnarled branches, and massive trunks it *gilded*, more or less partially, might have drawn the attention of a poet or a painter."—Vol. i. p. 125.

We read, vol. i. p. 144, "The Lord General (Cromwell) was *known* to be strongly favourable both to the elder and younger Everard;" and then, p. 160, "The father and son were both *reputed* to stand high in the general's favour."

There is need of a commentary on "Say'st thou me?" said the general, vol. i. p. 192.

\* The sun, that glorious orb, is not without spots, and, therefore, how can we expect perfection in anything human? The author of "Waverley," however, with all his merits, is somewhat too slovenly or careless.—Ed.

† That outline was commenced in our last, and is completed in our present Number.—Ed.

"General Harrison was a tall, thin, middle-aged man," says our author; and, continuing to describe him, he tells us, "He had, as we have said, a masculine height and strength of figure, and was well made."—"His aquiline nose and dark black eyes," he next adds, "set off to some advantage a countenance otherwise irregular; and the wild enthusiasm that sometimes sparkled in them (i. e. his nose and eyes) as he dilated on his opinion to others, and often seemed to slumber under his long dark eye-lashes as he mused upon them (Q. others or his eyes?) himself, gave something strikingly mild and even noble to his aspect."—Vol. i. p. 270, 271.

"This movement conveyed him to a sort of *cuil-de-bœuf*, an octagonal vestibule or small hall, from which various rooms opened. Amongst these doors, Everard selected that which led to a very long gallery."—Vol. i. p. 300.

Everard and his companions had gone to the mansion after dark, supped with the commissioners, and, after retiring to rest, had been alarmed and attacked by a supposed ghost. In speaking of this event, the night, or at least evening, would be understood; but in vol. ii. p. 70, it is said, in allusion to it, "Then, when he recollected the events of that very afternoon."

We are informed in vol. ii. p. 94, that Everard and Wildrake left their apartment to go to Mr. Holdenough's; and then, without hearing any more of the latter, that "they (Everard and Holdenough) had regained their former friendly footing, when Wildrake returned from the hut of Joceline, and whispered his master that *his embassy* had been successful."—Vol. ii. p. 149. What that embassy was the author says not; and, in reference to the same character (Wildrake), who was with Everard at the time, he paid a visit to his uncle on a former occasion, who had also spoken to him, and who had again gone to the same place on this mission, is it not singular to observe that Sir Henry should say of him, when he makes his appearance afterwards at the lodge, "I think I saw you in waiting upon Master Markham Everard."—Vol. ii. p. 212.

A stale jest, originally of Marshal Turenne's, and since often appropriated, is borrowed in vol. ii. p. 321. Everard had laid his cane across the king's shoulders, when in disguise, and, in apologizing for it, says, "From that dress, which I certainly recognise for my own, I concluded you must be Joceline."—"If it had been Joceline, sir," replied the supposed Kerneguy, with perfect composure, "me-

thinks you should not have struck so hard."

"I will explain the passage to Mistress Alice when she reminds me of it—or rather (he added)."—Vol. iii. p. 123. This is given as though it were a continuation of the king's speech, whereas it is the doctor who speaks.

Joceline had vowed to Tomkins, that a deer's hide, which had been tanned by order of the former, should be the winding-sheet of him that died first of the two; and as the latter was now dead, he took it with him, when he went to dig his grave, for that purpose. On seeing it, the doctor (Rochcliffe), who was with him, says, "It was a very wrong thing to make a vow so sinful, but it would have been greatly worse had you endeavoured to keep it." It should be, "had you not endeavoured to keep it," or the character of the clergyman must be "greatly worse" than the vow of Joceline.

In addition to these blunders, the careless style of the work will be evidenced by the following passages—passages in which some of the plainest grammatical rules are violated:—

You wrought it and welded it, *grinded* it and polished it.—Vol. i. p. 19.

That the land may be cleared from the memory thereof, *neither remember* the iniquity with which *their* fathers have sinned.—77.

Then putting himself to a slow trot, so as best to accommodate himself to the light pace of her *whom* he conveyed, *whom* Joceline had not extolled for her activity without due reason.—97.

And to this meal *sate* down the soldier and the keeper.—99.

Like most of Joceline's few *moveables*.—119. *Movable* cupboard.—268.

Markham Everard and thou must have an eye in every hair of *your head*.—216.

Pearson appeared after lapse of about an hour.—224.

A habitual sneer upon his countenance.—274.

You saved me from the gallows, and thou hast saved me from starving.—Vol. ii. p. 29.

I will defer the conference till to-morrow, when I think I *will* be able.—62.

What should it be thought that Markham Everard held one of the best soldiers who had drawn a sword—was afraid.—69.

I *would* be much interested in knowing the nature of your disturbance.—118.

The poor king endeavouring in vain to put a part of his dress in order to traverse the room.—251.

Woodstock is by far the *most preferable* place of concealment.—264.

A historical play.—293.

The gentleness of spirit and the purity of mind *has* long ago taught a man so amiable to say, I have sinned.—Vol. iii. p. 26.

I have known a man's bones *broke* for such a smile as you wear just now.—32.

Which is still more *irreconcilable*.—51.

The rebuilding of the throat, the regaining the crown, the avenging his death.—67.

Neither your reputation nor my own are interested.—81.

For your safety being endangered by me, let not such an *imagination* cross your mind.—112.

Thou mightest put this gear to rights if thou *wilt*.—p. 183.

Charles *stop* the song.—191.

The gravity and reverence which in my youth *was* so regularly observed.—196.

And had *forgot* Martin.—220.

If I lay my life down, I *will* only regret it.—231.

I long since hesitated whether I should follow your excellency or him, and I begin to be less certain whether I have made the *best* choice.—262.

He spoke little except when he asked a question at his daughter or at Colonel Everard.—364.

Though 'tis under our breath,

Amidst forfeits and *perils*,

Here's to honour and faith,

And a health to King *Charles*.—226.

The time had been when it sent its *huge* fires blazing up the *huge* chimney.—30.

A little too much of this, you will say; but it may serve more purposes than one.

I have to point out a more glaring fault. In vol. iii. p. 138, the author has noticed a work which had better not be named; and from p. 142 to p. 150 of the same volume, the language addressed by Tomkins to Phebe Mayflower, making every allowance for keeping of character, is not fit to meet the eye of a female, and is even of a blasphemous character.

There is much confusion in the relation of the events which occurred the first night the commissioners were at Woodstock, the reader being left in doubt as to the time they had been there; and it is only by reading the account over again, and with great attention, that he makes it out. Tomkins, it will be observed, to the confusion of the reader, is sometimes called the independent, sometimes the secretary, sometimes the steward. This observation more particularly applies to the first volume.

One more inconsistency and I have done. The king is made to pass at

Woodstock as Louis Kermeguy, a Scotch youth, and for the first night speaks Scotch; but from the next night to his departure he talks as good English as the rest, although he has to encounter those by whom his detection would be dangerous beyond measure.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

May 1, 1826.

OCULUS.

## Origins and Inventions.

No. XV.

### TERM.

THE word Term is said to be derived from *Terminus*, the god of boundaries, space, and landmarks, in the Heathen Mythology. Of the four law terms there is one day in each on which no business is transacted—Candlemas, in Hilary Term; Ascension Day, in Easter Term; Midsummer Day, in Trinity Term; and All Saints' Day, in Michaelmas Term. The four days are called grand days in the Inns of Court, gaudy days at the two Universities, and collar days at St. James'. The terms kept by the students at the Universities differ from those observed in the courts of law in their commencement and termination. Oxford has four terms in the course of the year and Cambridge three; both the Universities have also two particular days, that at Oxford called the Act, that of Cambridge the Commencement, which generally take place on the same day of the month in July. They are fixed this year (1826) for the fourth of that month.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Royal Society, as appears by Mr. Hume, was incorporated in the reign of Charles II., and had its origin as thus related by the historian:—"Amidst the thick cloud of bigotry and ignorance which overspread the nation during the commonwealth and protectorship, there were a few sedate philosophers, who, in the retirement of Oxford, cultivated their reason and established conferences for the mutual communication of their discoveries in physic and geometry. Wilkins, a clergyman, who had married Cromwell's sister, and was afterwards bishop of Chester, promoted these philosophical conversations. Immediately after the restoration these men procured a patent, and having enlarged their number were denominated the *Royal Society*. But this patent was all they obtained from the king. Though he was a lover of the sciences, particularly chemistry and mechanics, he animated them by his exam-

ple alone, not by bounty."—As an useful stimulus after valuable scientific research and discoveries, it is gratifying to observe at the anniversary dinner of this Society, held on 30th of November last, it was announced by Mr. Secretary Peel, that his Majesty (than whom England never possessed a more munificent patron of the Arts and Sciences) had placed two annual medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, at the disposal of the Council of the Royal Society, to be distributed by them as rewards for meritorious exertions.

#### CÆSAR AND CZAR.

THE title Cæsar, in Roman antiquity, was borne by all the emperors from Julius Cæsar to the destruction of the empire. It was also used as a title of distinction for the intended or presumptive heir of the empire, as king of the Romans is now used for that of the German empire. The title took its rise from the surname of the first emperor C. Julius Cæsar, which, by a decree of the senate, all the succeeding emperors were to bear. Under his successor the appellation of Augustus being appropriated to the emperors, in compliment to that prince, the title Cæsar was given to the second person in the empire, though still it continued to be given to the first; and hence the difference betwixt Cæsar used simply and Cæsar with the addition of Imperator Augustus. The dignity of Cæsar remained the second of the empire till Alexis Comnenus having elected Nicephorus Melissenus Cæsar by contract, and it being necessary to confer some higher dignity on his own brother Isaacius, he created him Sebastocrator, with the precedence over Melissenus; ordering, that in all acclamations, &c. Isaacius Sebastocrator should be named the second, and Melissenus Cæsar, the third.—Czar in the Russian language means Cæsar, and it is a title of honour assumed by the great dukes, or as they are now styled, emperors of Russia. Beckman makes no doubt but they took this title by corruption from Cæsar, emperor; and accordingly they bear an eagle as the symbol of their empire, and the word Cæsar in their arms; yet they make a distinction between Czar and Cæsar, the first being taken for the king's name and the other for the emperor's. The first that bore this title was Basil, the son of Basilides, under whom the Russian power began to appear about 1470.

#### ALL THE RUSSIAS.

THE expression of "all the Russias" is founded on the ancient division of Russia, which comprehended the provinces

of Great or Black Russia, Little or Red Russia, and White Russia. St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, took its name from having been built by Peter the Great.

#### TE DEUM.

THE name as it appears of a celebrated hymn used in the Christian church; and so called because it begins with these words, *Te Deum laudamus*; we praise thee, O God. It is sung in the Romish church with great pomp and solemnity upon the gaining of a victory or other happy events.

#### GOD SAVE THE KING!

THIS popular song was sung *as an anthem* at the Chapel Royal, in the reign of James II. It is uncertain by whom the words were written, but the music was composed by Dr. John Bull, belonging to the choir of that chapel. It first became a popular song (with the alteration of the name of our James to George) through the late Dr. Arne, who set it in parts and introduced it at one of the London theatres during the Irish rebellion in 1746, where it met with unbounded applause, and has continued to be a favourite national air from that period to the present time.—"Rule Britannia" was composed by Dr. Arne, and the words are to be found in Thomson's "Masque of Alfred." F. R. Y.

### The Waverley Novels.

No. II.

#### WOODSTOCK.

(Continued from page 296.)

"DID I not play Louis Kernegy as round as a ring," said the King to Albert, with whom we left him safely barred and bolted in the old bedroom at Woodstock.

"If your majesty asks my serious opinion, perhaps I may be forgiven if I say your dialect was somewhat too coarse for a Scottish youth of high birth, and your behaviour perhaps a little too churlish. I thought too—though I pretend not to be skillful—that some of your Scotch sounded as if it were not genuine."

"Not genuine?—there is no pleasing thee, Albert.—Why, who should speak genuine Scotch but myself?—Was I not their king for a matter of ten months? and if I did not get knowledge of their language, I wonder what else I got by it. Did not east country, and south country, and west country, and Highlands, caw, croak, and shriek about me, as the deep guttural, the broad drawl, and the high



sharp yelp predominated by turns?—Odd's fish, man, have I not been speeched at by their orators, addressed by their senators, rebuked by their kirkmen? Have I not sate on the cuttie-stool, mon, (again assuming the northern dialect,) and thought it grace of worthy Mass John Gillespie, that I was permitted to do putance in my own privy chamber, instead of the face of the congregation? and wilt thou tell me, after all, that I cannot speak Scotch enough to baffle an Oxon knight and his family?"

"May it please your majesty,—I began by saying I was no judge of the Scotch language."

"Pshaw—it is mere envy; just so you said at Norton's, that I was too courteous and civil for a young page—now you think me too rude."

"And there is a medium, if one could find it," said Albert, defending his opinion in the same tone in which the king attacked him: "so this morning, when you were in the woman's dress, you misd your petticoats rather unbecomingly high, as you waded through the first little stream; and when I told you of it, to mend the matter, you dragged through the next without raising them at all."

"O, the devil take the woman's dress!" said Charles: "I hope I shall never be driven to that disguise again. Why, my ugly face was enough to put gowns, caps, and kirtlets out of fashion for ever—the very dogs fled from me—Had I passed my hamlet that had but five huts in it, I could not have escaped the cackling-stool. I was a libel on womanhood. These leathern conveniences are none of the gayest, but they are *propria quæ maribus*; and right glad am I to be repossessed of them. I can tell you too, my friend, I shall resume all my masculine privileges with my proper habiliments; and as you say I have been too coarse to-night, I will behave myself like a courtier to mistress Alice to-morrow. I made a sort of acquaintance with her already, when I seemed to be of the same sex with herself, and found out there are other colonels in the wind besides you, colonel Albert Lee."

Albert, who well knew that the king's mode of thinking where the fair sex was concerned, was far more gay than delicate, endeavoured to put a stop to the present topic by a grave answer, "His sister" he said, "had been in some measure educated with the son of her maternal uncle, Markham Everard, but as his father, and he himself, had adopted the cause of the roundheads, the families had in consequence been at variance; and any projects which might have been formerly

entertained were, of course, long since dismissed on all sides."

"You are wrong, Albert," said the king, pitilessly pursuing the jest, "How say you? shall I shake off my northern slough and speak with Alice in my own character?"

Albert, struggling with emotions of anger and respect for the king, and of affection for his sister betrayed his anxiety, and Charles seeing he had hurt him, asked pardon, and extended his hand to Albert, who kissed it with reverential respect.

The parties now concerted the best means for the king's safety, until an opportunity offered to convey him out of the country. Dr. Rochcliffe, who with the best intentions, was a sort of unintentional marplot, wished to organise the whole plan. "I shall, said he, 'deserve to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, should any misfortune happen by my misgovernment in this business.'"

"And it is therefore, Albert, that I would have thee trust the whole to me, without interfering. Thou sayest, forsooth, thou art not *sub ferula*; but recollect that while you have been fighting in the field, I have been plotting in the study—that I know all the combinations of the king's friends, aye, and all the motions of his enemies, as well as a spider knows every mesh of his web. Think of my experience, man. Not a cavalier in the land but has heard of Rochcliffe the plotter. I have been a main limb in everything that has been attempted since forty-two—penned declarations, conducted correspondence, communicated with chiefs, recruited followers, commissioned arms, levied money, appointed rendezvous. I was in the Western Rising; and before that, in the City Petition, and in Sir John Owen's stir in Wales; in short, almost in every plot for the king, since Tomkins and Challoner's matter."

"But were not all these plots unsuccessful?" said Albert; "and were not Tomkins and Challoner hanged, doctor?"

"Yes, my young friend," answered the doctor, gravely, "as many others have been with whom I have acted; but only because they did not follow my advice implicitly. You never heard that I was hanged myself."

"The time may come, doctor," said Albert; "The pitcher goes oft to the well. The proverb, as my father would say, is somewhat musty."

While at Woodstock, Charles asked for fresh linen and clothes; and Joceline gave him a suit from a wardrobe in the west tower; it was a riding suit of grey

cloth with some silver lace, in the fashion of a country gentleman of the time. In this dress Charles sauntered through the park, meditating less on his danger than on Alice Lee, and entertaining designs he was afraid to confess, and would almost be ashamed to execute, when he encountered a stranger, who mistook him for Joceline Jolliffe. "I am not Joceline," said Charles.

"Indeed," replied the stranger in surprise; "then Sir Unknown, I have to express my regret at having used my cane in intimating that I wished you to stop. From that dress which I certainly recognize for my own, I concluded you must be Joceline, in whose custody I had left my habit at the Lodge."

The stranger was colonel Everard, who suspected Charles to be lord Wilmot, because a ring which the king in disguise as a fortune-teller, had some time before dropped into the pitcher of Alice Lee, who he saw at Rosamond's well, bore the cipher of that nobleman. As the denial given by Charles did not satisfy colonel Everard, they quarrelled, drew their swords, and had made a pass or two which might have changed the destinies of Britain, when Sir Henry Lee arrived and parted, and eventually reconciled, the combatants so far as that they both accompanied him to the Lodge. Here, however, Sir Henry, who had become half reconciled to Everard, quarrelled anew with him, because he quoted some lines from Milton, which the knight praised without knowing the author.

Charles, who was secretly pleased with the bad reception of the Colonel at Woodstock, sneered at him, and a new quarrel ensued, which would probably have soon proceeded to blows, had not Phoebe Mayflower, an attendant on Alice, fetched her mistress, who entreating Everard to depart, he repaired to the town of Woodstock. Charles now began to pay his addresses to Alice, and did everything to make himself agreeable; he one day sung to her the air of a French rondelai, to which English verses were adapted, beginning "An hour with thee." Finding all of no avail, he told her, his hand, poor as he seemed, could confer a coronet.

"Keep it," said Alice, "for some more ambitious damsel, my lord,—for such I conclude is your title, if this romance be true,—I would not accept your hand, could you confer a duchy."

"In one sense, lovely Alice, you have neither over-rated my power nor my affection. It is your king—it is Charles Stuart who speaks to you!—he can con-

fer duchies, and if beauty can merit them, it is that of Alice Lee. Nay, nay—rise—do not kneel—it is for your sovereign to kneel to thee, Alice, to whom he is a thousand times more devoted, than the wanderer, Louis, dared venture to profess himself. My Alice has, I know, been trained up in those principles of love and obedience to her sovereign, that she cannot, in conscience or in mercy, inflict on him such a wound as would be implied in the rejection of his suit."

In spite of all Charles's attempts to prevent her, Alice had persevered in kneeling on one knee, until she had touched with her lip the hand with which he attempted to raise her. But this salutation ended, she stood upright, with her arms folded on her bosom—her looks humble, but composed, keen, and watchful, and so possessed of herself, so little flattered by the communication which the king had supposed would have been overpowering, that he scarce knew in what terms next to urge his solicitation.

"Thou art silent—thou art silent," he said, "my pretty Alice. Has the king no more influence with thee than the poor Scottish page?"

"In one sense every influence," said Alice; "for he commands my best thoughts, my best wishes, my earnest prayers, my devoted loyalty, which, as the men of the house of Lee have been ever ready to testify with the sword, so are the women bound to seal, if necessary, with their blood. But beyond the duties of a true and devoted subject, the king is even less to Alice Lee than poor Louis Kerneguy. The page could have tendered an honourable union—the monarch can but offer a contaminated coronet."

"You mistake, Alice—you mistake," said the king, eagerly. "Sit down and let me speak to you—sit down—What is't you fear?"

"I fear nothing, my lord," answered Alice. "What can I fear from the king of Britain—I, the daughter of his loyal subject, and under my father's roof? But I remember the distance betwixt us, and though I might trifle and jest with mine equal, to my king I must only appear in the dutiful posture of a subject, unless where his safety may seem to require that I do not acknowledge his dignity."

The king used every artifice to enforce his suit, but in vain, for Alice refused every overture, and escaped from him and his importunities. Meanwhile Colonel Everard, stung by insult, and somewhat jealous that Charles was his rival, sent Wildrake with a challenge to him to meet him next morning at the King's Oak. Doctor Rochcliffe, hearing of this,

\* This song was given in Number CXCIV. of the MIRROR.



and his influence with Charles to prevent his going; and failing, enlisted Alice into the service, and she with some difficulty was prevailed on to accompany the doctor to the place of rendezvous next morning. They found by the King's Oak, Everard, attended by Wildrake, and Charles, but without a second. In vain did Doctor Rochecroft remonstrate, and Charles and Everard had both drawn their swords, when Alice was led forth; she entreated them both for her sake to be reconciled. Charles said he was there to answer Everard's summons; "if," says he, "he abides by his message, it must be decided as such affairs usually are; but if he retreats or yields it, I will for your sake, Mistress Alice, wave pucillio."

"Do you hear this, Markham Everard," exclaimed Alice—"do you hear this?—The dreadful option is left entirely at your disposal. You were wont to be temperate in passion, religious, forgiving—you will, for a mere pucillio, drive on this private and unchristian broil to a murderous extremity? Believe me, if you now, contrary to all the better principles of your life, give the reins to your passions, the consequences may be such as you will rue for your lifetime, and even, if Heaven have not mercy, rue after your life is finished."

Markham Everard remained for a moment gloomily silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground. At length he looked up, and answered her—"Alice, you are a soldier's daughter—a soldier's sister. All your relations, even including one whom you then entertained some regard for, have been made soldiers by these unhappy discords. Yet you have seen them take the field—in some instances on contrary sides, to do their duty where their principles called them, without manifesting this extreme degree of interest. Answer me—and your answer shall decide my conduct—is this youth, so short while known, already of more value to you than those dear connexions, father, brother, and kinsman, whose departure to battle you saw with comparative indifference?—Say this, and it shall be enough—I leave the ground, never to see you or this country again."

"Stay, Markham, stay; and believe me when I say, that if I answer your question in the affirmative, it is because Master Kemeguy's safety comprehends more, much more, than that of any of those you have mentioned."

Everard, who now thought Charles a more favoured rival, determined on leaving Alice, was bidding her a final farewell, and going away; when Charles

became much agitated by contending feelings, as if on the point of forming some sudden resolution, and yet still in uncertainty what course he should pursue.

But when he saw Markham Everard, after one look of unspeakable anguish towards Alice, turning his back to depart, he broke out into his familiar ejaculations, "Odds fish! this must not be." In three strides he overtook the slowly-retiring Everard, tapped him smartly on the shoulder, and, as he turned round, said, with an air of command, which he well knew how to adopt at pleasure, "One word with you, sir."

"At your pleasure, sir," replied Everard, and naturally conjecturing the purpose of his antagonist to be hostile, took hold of his rapier with the left hand, and laid the right on the hilt, not displeased at the supposed call; for anger is at least as much a-kin to disappointment as pity is said to be to love.

"Pshaw!" answered the king, "that cannot be now—Colonel Everard, I am CHARLES STUART!"

Everard recoiled in the greatest surprise, and next exclaimed, "Impossible—it cannot be!—The king of Scots has escaped from Bristol. My Lord Wilmot, your talents for intrigue are well known—but this will not pass upon me."

"The king of Scots, Master Everard," replied Charles—"since you are so pleased to limit his sovereignty—at any rate, the eldest son of the late sovereign of Britain,—is now before you; therefore it is impossible he could have escaped from Bristol. Doctor Rochecroft shall be my voucher, and will tell you, moreover, that Wilmot is of a fair complexion, and light hair—mine, you may see, is swart as a raven."

When Everard recovered from the surprise this disclosure had occasioned, if he did not offer the king the homage of a subject, he promised him secrecy and even protection.

The Commissioners who had been driven from the Lodge had by this time left the town of Woodstock also, although "Trusty Tomkins" still remained in the neighbourhood. This man was a canting Paritan, who, while he pretended to great sanctity, was in reality a worthless, intriguing fellow. One day he followed Phoebe Mayflower to the well when his intentions soon became very unequivocal.

"Stand up, foolish maiden, and listen," said the independent sternly; "and know, in one word, that sin, for which the spirit of man is punished with the vengeance of heaven, lieth not in the corporal act, but in the thought of the sin."

men. Believe, lovely Phoebe, that to the pure, all acts are pure, and that sin is in our thought, not in our action—even as the radiance of the day is dark to a blind man, but seen and enjoyed by him whose eyes receive it. To him who is but a novice in the things of the spirit, much is enjoined, much is prohibited; and he is fed with milk fit for babes,—for him are ordinances, prohibitions, and commands. But the saint is above these ordinances and restraints. To him, as to the chosen child of the house, is given the pass-key to open all locks, which withhold him from the enjoyment of his heart's desire. Into such pleasant paths will I guide thee, lovely Phoebe, as shall unite in joy, in innocent freedom, pleasures, which, to the unprivileged, are sinful and prohibited."

"I really wish, Master Tomkins, you would let me go home," said Phoebe, not comprehending the nature of his doctrine, but dialking at once his words and his manner. He went on, however, with the accused and blasphemous doctrines, which, in common with others of the pretended saints, he had adopted, after having long shifted from one sect to another, until he settled in the vile belief, that sin, being of a character exclusively spiritual, only existed in the thoughts, and that the worst actions were permitted to those who had attained to the pitch of believing themselves above ordinance. "Thus, my Phoebe," he continued, endeavouring to draw her towards him, "I can offer thee more than ever was held out to woman since Adam first took his bride by the hand. It shall be for others to stand dry-lipped, doing penance, like Papists, by abstinence, when the vessel of pleasure pours forth its delights. Dost thou love money?—I have it, and can procure more—am at liberty to procure it on every hand, and by every means—the earth is mine and its fulness. Do you desire power?—which of these poor cheated commissioner-fellows' estates dost thou covet, I will work it out for thee; for I deal with a mightier spirit than any of them. And it is not without warrant that I have aided the malignant Rochcliffe, and the clown Joliffe, to frighten and baffle them in the guise they did. Ask what thou wilt, Phoebe, I can give, or I can procure it for thee—Then enter with me into a life of delight in this world, which shall prove but an anticipation of the joys of Paradise hereafter!"

Again the fanatical voluptuary endeavoured to pull the poor girl towards him, while she, alarmed, but not scared out of her presence of mind, endeavoured, by fair entreaty, to prevail on him to release

her. But his features, in themselves not marked, had acquired a frightful expression, and he exclaimed, "No, Phoebe—do not think to escape—thou art given to me as a captive—thou hast neglected the hour of grace, and it has glided past—See, the water trickles over thy pitcher, which was to be a sign between us. Therefore I will urge thee no more with words, of which thou art not worthy, but treat thee as a recusant of offered grace."

Tomkins offered violence, which Phoebe resented and fled, but he followed her, when he was met by Joceline. Tomkins provoked at his disappointment and being detected, fired a pistol at Joceline, who, in return, struck him down with one blow of his quarter-staff, which killed him on the spot.

Colonel Everard continued to reside at Woodstock, and on the night Tomkins was slain he was at supper with Wildrake and Master Nehemiah Holdenhough, when a loud knock was heard at the door, which was opened by some of the persons in the house; a heavy foot ascended the stairs; a stout man entered the room, and drawing the cloak from his face, said, "Markham Everard, I greet thee in God's name!"

It was General Cromwell, who had come without previous notice to see how affairs stood at Woodstock. Everard suspected that he had some information as to Charles's lurking-place, and Wildrake fearing this, attempted to get out of the house, but was prevented by the sentinels of Cromwell. Returning up stairs he met on the landing a little boy, whom he hurried into his own room, and putting him out of the window, charged him, on his life, to fly to the Lodge, and deliver a feather from a woodcock's wing he gave him, to Mistress Alice Lee if possible, if not to Joceline Joliffe, and say he had won the wager.

While the youth was hastening on this errand, Cromwell manifested his surprise that Everard had disappointed his object, while he had availed himself of the boon on condition of which his warrant was issued. Everard was about to reply, when Wildrake interfered, and boldly, but calmly, told Cromwell, that he addressed himself to the wrong party. Cromwell got into a passion, and rebuked Wildrake insultingly, who told him that the bird had escaped, and he might go find him out.

As he uttered these words, he unsheathed his rapier, and made a full pass at Cromwell's body, which encountering the coat of mail he wore, sprung in pieces. Wildrake flung the hilt with passion on the ground, cursing the hand that forged

the blade, and exclaiming, "To serve me so long, and fail me when thy true service would have honoured us both for ever!"

Wildrake was secured, and his hands bound, but he was quite careless, and indifferent about his situation, declaring he was as willing to die as he ever was to take a cup of liquor.

"And hark ye," said Wildrake, "speaking of that Master Oliver, you were once a jolly fellow, prithee let one of thy lobsters here advance yonder tankard to my lips, and your Excellency shall hear a toast, a song, and a secret."

"Unloose his head, and hand the debauched beast the tankard," said Oliver; "while yet he exists, it were shame to refuse him the element he lives in."

"Blessings on your head for once," said Wildrake, whose object in continuing this wild discourse was, if possible, to gain a little delay, when every moment was precious. "Thou hast brewed good ale, and that's warrant for a blessing. For my toast and my song, here they go together—

Son of a witch,

Mayst thou die in a ditch,

With the butchers who back thy quarrels;

And rot above ground,

While the world shall resound

A welcome to Royal King Charles.

And now for my secret, that you may not say I had your liquor for nothing—I fancy my song will scarce pass current for much—My secret is, Master Cromwell—that the bird is flown—and your majesty will be as white as your winding-sheet before you can smell out which way."

"Fahaw, rascal," answered Cromwell, contemptuously, "keep your jests for the gibbet foot."

"I shall look on the gibbet more boldly," replied Wildrake, "than I have seen you look on the royal martyr's picture."

Wildrake was led away and Everard placed under arrest until Cromwell explored Woodstock Lodge. Here Albert had arrived, having made arrangements for getting the king away on board a vessel on the coast he had provided. The dog Bevis had also arrived with the glove of Tomkins, to the great terror of Joceline; and just when the party were about to separate for the night came the little boy despatched by Wildrake, from whom they learned, that strangers had arrived at Everard's house. Alice interpreted that the feather meant flight—and that a woodcock was a bird of passage. As no doubt was entertained that Crom-

well was among the new comers, it was resolved to hasten the escape of the king, who, in the dress of Albert Lee, and attended by Alice, left the Lodge. Charles having previously made himself known to Sir Henry Lee. The king and Alice found the horses at the hut of Joceline, and the relays were only at eighteen miles distance.

Albert put on the disguise of Louis Kerneguy, and remained at the lodge, which was soon invested by Cromwell and his party. Sir Henry held a short parley, but his garrison consisting of two women only, he surrendered. Cromwell questioned the old knight closely as to what company had lately visited Woodstock Lodge, and had strict search made in all the recesses of this ancient edifice, in one of which Albert had intentionally concealed himself; they pursued him until he appeared on one of the turrets; he was summoned to surrender, but refused, and Cromwell threatened to blow up the tower, and a train was laid for the purpose. Albert saw the danger, and sprung from the turret on to the tower, where one of Cromwell's corporals was stationed; he hurled him down, and he fell on the earth with such tremendous force, that the head, which first touched the ground, dented a hole in the soil of six inches in depth, and was crushed like an egg-shell! The tower was blown up, and Albert taken prisoner, and led before Cromwell: he still maintained the character he had assumed, in order to lengthen the time for the king's escape. Cromwell, however, penetrated the disguise, and ordered him into confinement, threatening that he and his father, his kinsman, and the stranger that was in the household, should all be executed. Albert only said to Oliver, "You love texts of Scripture; let this be the subject of your next homily—Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?"

"Away with him," said the general; "let him die the death.—I have said it."

Cromwell gave directions for a court martial, still vowing that Albert, with Wildrake and Jolliffe, and Rochecliffe, who had also been taken, should be executed by twelve o'clock. Wildrake never lost his spirits, and sung the following stave:—

"When I was a young lad,

My fortune was odd,

If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder,

I spent all my means

Amidst sharpers and queans,

Then I got a commission to plunder.

"I have stockings 'tis true,

But the devil a shoe,

I am forced to wear boots in all weather,  
Be d—d the boot sole,  
Curse on the spur-roll,  
Confounded be the upper-leather."

Cromwell, however, relaxed in his severity. Wildrake was dismissed with five pieces, and bade to sell his ballads. Rochcliffe was released, and accompanied his successor, Nehemiah Holdenough, to the rectory: Albert was released, on condition of going abroad, and Sir Henry Lee was suffered to depart, though no person in Woodstock dared to give him shelter. Everard, who was pardoned, accompanied him, and soon they were surprised by the return of Alice, who assured them of the safety of the king, and presented the knight a royal rescript, written on a small and soiled piece of paper, and tied round with a worsted thread instead of a seal.

This letter was a request that the old knight would give his daughter Alice, in marriage to colonel Everard; Sir Henry obeyed the royal wish, which he still considered a command; Joceline Jolliffe was also married to Phoebe Mayflower, and managed the household of the knight in a manor house belonging to the redeemed portion of his estate, near the residence of Everard, who had given up all concern in public affairs, and Wildrake continued to be Everard's protected dependant. Once or twice every year when he had collected a few pieces, the Cavaliero Wildrake made a start to London, where, as he described it, he went on the ramble, drank as much wine as he could come by, and led a *skeldering* life among roystering cavaliers like himself.

At length Cromwell died, his son resigned the government, and Everard began to take active measures in the king's behalf. At length Monk arrived in London, and he then despatched Wildrake to Brussels, where the king was residing.

"I bring good news," said the uncouth messenger, "glorious news!—the king shall enjoy his own again!—My feet are beautiful on the mountains. Gad, I have lived with Presbyterians till I have caught their language—but we are all one man's children now—all your majesty's poor babes. The Rump is all ruined in London—bonfires flaming, music playing, rumps roasting, healths drinking, London in a blaze of light from the Strand to Rotherhithe—tankards clattering—"

"We can guess at that," said the duke of Buckingham.

"My old friend, Mark Everard sent me off with the news—I'm a villain if I've slept since. Your majesty recollects me, I am sure. Your majesty remem-

ber, sa—sa—at the king's oak at Woodstock?—"

"O, we'll dance, and sing, and play,  
For 'twill be a joyous day  
When the king shall enjoy his own again."

"Master Wildrake, I remember you well," said the king. "I trust the good news is certain?"

"Certain! your majesty; did I not hear the bells?—did I not see the bonfires?—did I not drink your majesty's health so often, that my legs would scarce carry me to the wharf? It is as certain as that I am poor Roger Wildrake of Squattlesmere, Lincoln."

The king then returned to England, and entered London in triumph on the 29th of May. In passing Blackheath where many persons of quality were stationed to gratulate him on his return, was one group which particularly attracted his attention. Here seated in a chair was Sir Henry Lee, his daughter, Alice, her husband, Everard, their three children, Joceline Jolliffe, Wildrake, and even the dog Bevis. The king paid particular attention to the worthy knight, and shook hands with the whole party, even including Joceline, whom he invited to Whitehall.

Looking down in sheer bashfulness, Joceline, like a bull about to push, extended to the king, over his lady's shoulder, a hand as broad and hard as a wooden trencher, which the king filled with gold coins. "Buy a head-gear for my friend Phoebe with some of these," said Charles, "she too has been doing her duty to Old England."

The king then turned once more to the knight, who seemed making an effort to speak. He took his aged hand in both his own, and stooped his head towards him to catch his accents, while the old man, detaining him with the other hand, said something faltering, of which Charles could only catch the quotation—

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.

Extricating himself, therefore, as gently as possible, from a scene which began to grow painfully embarrassing, the good-natured king said, speaking with unusual distinctness to insure the old man's comprehending him, "This is something too public a place for all we have to say. But if you come not soon to see king Charles at Whitehall, he will send down Louis Kerneguy to visit you, that you may see how rational he is become since his travels."

So saying, he once more pressed affectionately the old man's hand, bowed to Alice and all around, and withdrew; Sir

Henry Lee listening with a smile, which showed he comprehended the gracious tendency of what had been said. The old man leaned back on his seat, and muttered the *Nunc dimittis*.

"Excuse me for having made you wait, my lords," said the king, as he mounted his horse; "had it not been for these good folks, you might have waited for me long enough.—Move on Sirs."

The array moved on accordingly; the sound of trumpets and drums again rose amid the acclamations, which had been silent while the king stopped; while the effect of the whole procession resuming its motion, was so splendidly dazzling, that even Alice's anxiety about her father's health was for a moment suspended, while her eye followed the long line of varied brilliancy that proceeded over the heath. When she looked again at Sir Henry, she was startled to see that his cheek, which had gained some colour during his conversation with the king, had relapsed into earthy paleness; that his eyes were closed, and opened not again; and that his features expressed, amid their quietude, a rigidity which is not that of sleep. They ran to his assistance, but it was too late. The light that burned so low in the socket, had leaped up, and expired, in one exhilarating flash.

The rest must be conceived. I have only to add, that his faithful dog did not survive him many days; and that the image of Bervis lies carved at his master's feet, on the tomb which was erected to the memory of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley.

### THE ANCIENT PALACE AT WOODSTOCK.

In our last number we gave a view of the ancient Palace of Woodstock, with a brief notice, and we now insert a more detailed description of the edifice, with which we have been favoured by a kind and attentive correspondent.

The ancient manor house or royal palace of Woodstock, was situated near the old town of the same name, about eight miles from the city of Oxford, on the north bank of the valley, through which the little river Glyme has its course. It was erected (according to Camden) by Henry I. who joined to it a large park, enclosed with a stone wall, which Rous affirms to have been the first park in England, and which, says Dr. Plott, was not only stocked with deer, but with all kinds of foreign wild beasts, which he procured abroad of other princes.\* Woodstock, however, seems to have been a

royal seat, in the time of the Saxons, and was then called *Wubercoc* (i. e. *locus sylvestris*) it appearing from a MS. in the Cottonian library, that king Alfred translated Boetius there. In the reign of Etheldred an assembly of the states was held at Woodstock, and several laws enacted.

With this edifice, and its neighbourhood, are connected various historical events, it having been for many centuries the occasional residence of our English monarchs. The most remarkable event connected with the mansion itself, and from which it received its principal interest, was, its being the residence of the celebrated Rosamond Clifford, the favourite mistress of Henry II. This monarch, as Fabian has it, "made an howse of a wonder workynge, so that no creature, man nor woman, myght wyn to her, but if he were instructe by the kynges or such as were ryght secret wt hym, touchynge yts mater. This howse, after some writers, was named *labor intus*, or *Dedalus werke*, or *howse*, which is to mean after most expositors an howse wrought like unto a knot in a garden called a maze."† Her story, however, is too well known to need further comment. She was buried in the chapel of the nunnery at Godstow, with this curious inscription on her tomb—

*Hic jacet in tumbd, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda :*

*Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet.*

Of which various translations have been made by different authors, we shall however select that given by Stowe—

"The rose of the worlde, but not the cleane flower,

Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent :

In this grave full darke now is her howre,

That by her life was sweet and redolent.

But now that she is from this life blent,

Though she were sweete, now foully doth she stinke.

A mirror good for all men, that on her thinke."

In this palace, in the year 1163, "Ryse, prince of Southwales, with divers other lordes and nobles of Wales, did homage both to the king, (Henry II.) and his son, Henry,"‡ as did also Malcolm, king of Scotland. In the year 1278, Henry I. held a parliament at Woodstock, and there was born Edmund, his son, and also the renowned Edward, the black prince. This palace was the occasional residence of Richard II. and it was there that Henry III. narrowly escaped being assassinated by a fanatic priest. During the civil wars it suffered

† Fabian's Chronicle, 1811, p. 277.

‡ Stowe's Annals, p. 154.

§ Holmshed's Chron. v. 2. p. 601.

\* Plott's Nat. Hist. of Oxfordshire, p. 349.

much from the parliament party.\* In the fourth year of the reign of queen Anne, the honour and estates of Woodstock were bestowed by the queen on John, duke of Marlborough, for the signal victory obtained by him at Blenheim, in Germany; at which time the old palace of Woodstock was raised to the ground, and the magnificent mansion of Blenheim erected in its stead.

The town of Woodstock is particularly worthy of note, as being the birth place of the father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, who was born there about the year 1328.

#### VIVIAN.

During the stay of the commissioners at Woodstock, several tricks were played off, which the superstition of the times attributed to some supernatural agency; for a detailed account of which, we refer our readers to the novel of "Woodstock," or to Dr. R. Plott's Natural History of Oxfordshire. There is also a very curious tract in verse, which was printed in the year 1649, entitled "The Woodstock Scuffle, or most dreadful apparitions that were lately seen in the Mannor House of Woodstock, nere Oxford, to the great terror and wonderful amangement of all those that did behold them."

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF O'KEEFFE.

*Written by himself.*

A BROTHER of Signor Giordani was with him when in Dublin: he was a first rate dancer. They had their Italian opera at the Smock-alley Theatre; and soon after the opening, Giordani, the fine dancer, who could not speak English, came to the pit-door, and, as he was free of the house, expected to be admitted to sit and see the play. The doorkeeper, not knowing him, refused to let him in; at the same time people were entering, paying their money, &c. Giordani suddenly hit upon this expedient: stepping back, he gave a spring and caper in the first style of his graceful and elegant talent. The doorkeeper immediately knew who he was, and with a low bow admitted him into the pit. This fine dancer, Giordani, was also a fine skater. He skated a mile in a minute; and, on one leg only, faster than the most expert could upon two. He had a string stretched about four feet high from the ice, and in his full course used to go fairly over it. When he had his benefit at the theatre, he put in his bill that he would skait on the stage; and thus he managed it: he had a number of grooves made,

and gliding through these, with his great proficiency in his dancing art, displayed all the attitudes of skaiting to the perfect delight of the spectators.

At one of the rehearsals of "The Gipsies of Andalusia," my countryman, Mr. Thomas Carter, the composer of the air of "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" and who had been brought up in the choir of Christ-Church Cathedral, Dublin, pressed me to bring him in to hear the music:—this being out of rule, I refused, until he promised to keep in the dark behind the scenes. In the middle of the rehearsal I felt a tap on the shoulder; I turned, and there stood Carter in full sight, in the stage-box close behind me. Before I could express my surprise and vexation, he whispered—"O'Keeffe, introduce me to Harris;" at the same time throwing his leg over the box, he jumped on the stage, and began to direct the band, applauding, grimacing, shutting his ears, and running backwards and forwards along the whole front of the orchestra—it being a rehearsal full band. "That horn too sharp—very well, oh—that passage again—piano, Mr. Tom—bravo, Crescendo! Ha, very well." I was mortified and confounded, and soon after missed Dr. Arnold, who had previous to this been, as usual, diligently attending his duty with the band. All alarm, I crossed the stage to where Mr. Harris stood, at the opposite stage-box, and remarked, "Why, Dr. Arnold is gone!"—"To be sure," replied he coolly, "when you bring in Mr. Carter to direct his music." This gave me a lesson never to bring in either Tom Carter, or any other acquaintance, behind the scenes.

I remember Richard Daly, a fellow-commoner in Trinity College, Dublin;—he was of a good family in the province of Connaught; but, when at college, was so given to riot and commotion, that he was the terror of all public places. In the year 1772, I was in the green-room of Smock-alley Theatre, when Daly, at the head of a college party, forced his way into the house at the stage-door, beat the doorkeepers, and dashed into the green-room. Miss Pope (the celebrated actress, and of a most estimable private character), was there, having come over from London to play a few nights. Under the impression of every outrage from the wild Irish, she was greatly terrified, when, for the honour of our Green Island, I brushed up my bit of Milesian valour, desired her to take my arm, and with my sheathed sword in my hand (all wore swords in those days) I led her through the riotous group. They looked surprised, but made a lane for us and gave



no opposition. I saw the fair lady to her chair, and walked by her side to the door of her lodgings, where she thanked me for my knight-errantry. What renders the above circumstance remarkable is, that this very dread and disturber of all theatres was afterwards himself an actor and manager of this very theatre of Smock-alley. I was very intimate with him, and found him a man of great humanity and a zealous friend. He married the widow of a Mr. Lister, a man of fortune; her maiden name was Barsanti, a fine comic actress. Her father was an Italian, and translator to the Italian Operas in London. Mrs. Daly was capital in all Mrs. Abington's parts.

I brought out my two-act piece of "Peeping Tom" at the Hay-market Theatre, and this became as prime a favourite with the public as any of mine. A remarkable circumstance happened the first night of its representation. Charles Kemister, Edwin, and Wilson, had dined out of town, I think at the Spaniards, a tavern between Hampstead and Highgate, nor ever recollected their theatrical duties until reminded by accidentally seeing their own names in the play-bills stuck on the turnpikes, announcing a new piece by Mr. O'Keeffe, called "Peeping Tom," to be performed that night. They dashed into town in a postchaise together, Peeping Tom, Harold, and the Mayor of Coventry, repeating their speeches and singing their songs to the stage-coachmen, the hackney-coachmen, and gentlemen-coachmen, postillions, grooms, and waggoners, all along the road.

During the composition of the music by Dr. Arnold, I told him I wished to introduce a favourite air of Carolan's, and had written words to it. He asked me the name of the air, as he might probably find it in some old collection. "It is called the Irish Lamentation," I said.—"And what are your words to it? and who is to sing it?"—"Peeping Tom;—and these are my words:—

"Merry are the bells, and merry do they ring,  
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;  
Merry is your ding dong, happy, gay and free,  
With a merry sing-song, merry let us be."

"And this is your Irish lamentation!" said the doctor, laughing heartily. I immediately sung the same air, but very slowly, and giving it the real pathos, which had such an effect on him, that it almost brought tears in his eyes. And it really is one of the most plaintive, sweet, and heart-rending strains ever composed.

I was with Mr. Colman in his private box the first night of "Peeping Tom." He was delighted with its progressive

success, yet declared:—"You have done wonders, O'Keeffe, for Edwin before this, but in Tom of Coventry you have wrought the humour so high, that even Edwin with all his tip-toe stretch is unable to reach it." Yet, most surely, Edwin was capitally humorous in the said Coventry tailor.

In 1762, I had seen the Cherokees, then in London; they wore their own dress, and were objects of great curiosity. In 1782, more Cherokees came over from America, on a visit to England; the latter were not so wild in their appearance as the former; they were accompanied by an Englishman, who had long resided among them (and on this circumstance, some years after, I partly founded my two-act piece of "The Basket Maker.") The Cherokees of 1782, were brought to a morning rehearsal at Covent Garden; and to show them the nature of the mechanism of the stage, they were let down one of the traps. They expressed neither surprise nor alarm, but with calm, steady visages went down, and were again raised on the trap; they stepped on the firm part of the stage with dignity and composure. I stood close to them, and paid particular attention to the Cherokee-Englishman, whose name was Bowles; he was in the full Cherokee dress, and not to be distinguished from a native. I was told he had been the chief means of introducing civilization and Christian benevolence among them.

Signora Sestini being engaged at the Hay-market, I planned and finished a three-act Opera, with leading characters for her and Edwin; the title was "The Siege of Curyola"—the Island in the Adriatic, on the coast of Dalmatia, in the territory of the Venetians. The event on which I founded my plot happened in the year 1588, the men hiding themselves and the women defending the town from the Turks. This was during the dreadful war between the Turks and Venetians, and much about the time of the terrible battle of Lepanto—the siege of Famagusta, in the Isle of Cyprus, defended by Bragantini, against Barbarossa, the devil of a Turk with an iron hand. Ah! poor Bragantini! his fate—

Sestini performed Signora Baba, and with Edwin, as Cricolo, the Barber-Soldier, was inimitable in song and dancing duets; the piece opened with all the characters in the Venetian style dancing in a pleasure-garden. I gave Dr. Arnold an Irish tune for this dance and song: the old song was—

"My name is Dicky of Ballyman,  
And I'm come to court you, Mrs. Anne,

Though you can neither card nor spin,

Nor do any other kind of thing.

Tot lot," &c.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

### A FAIRY'S FUNERAL.

ON a little river-island (whether sleeping or waking we know not) we once saw celebrated a fairy's funeral. First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night-winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge. It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over my couch, and then alighted without ceasing among the heather.

The pattering of little feet was heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dew-drops, and sung, without words, of sorrow and death. I opened my eyes, or rather sight came to them, when closed, and dream was vision! Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lap-wing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plat among the rocks, and in the midst was a bier, framed, as it seemed, of flowers unknown to the highland hills, and on the bier a fairy lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily and motionless as the snow.

The dews grew fainter and fainter, and then died quite away; when two of the creatures came from the circle and took their station, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred, for the spot on which it lay sunk slowly down, and in a few moments the green sward was smooth as ever, the very dews glittering above the buried fairy. A cloud passed the moon, and with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed dusklily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen.

Tradition tells, that on no other banks do the fairies so love to thread the mazes of their mystic dance, as on the heathy, and bracken, and oaken banks of the Orchy, during the long summer nights when the thick-falling dews almost perceptibly swell the stream and lend a livelier tinkle to every water-fall.

Suddenly the disenthralled Orchy began to rejoice as before through all her streams and falls, and at the sudden leaping of the waters and out-bursting of the moon, I awoke.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### The Satisfyer.

"I am but a Satisfyer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

### EPITAPHS AT WESTERHAM.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following epitaphs (rather singular, it must be confessed) are copied from tomb stones in the church-yard at Westerham, Kent, of very recent date.

I am, Sir, &c.

INSPECTOR.

*Epitaph in Westerham Church-yard, Kent.*

1. *Cheerful in death I close my eyes*

Into thine arms, my God, I flee.

2. *When at the judgment seat on the last day,*

I shall stand

With my two innocent sons, one in each hand.

### GREAT MEN!

SELF-APPROBATION is a very proper feeling, if kept within its proper bounds. If Rossini, however, was to be purchased at his own valuation, he would sell at a very high price, for at a conversation at the Marchioness of Salisbury's, he observed Lady L. leaning on the arm of the "great captain of the age," upon which Rossini placed himself on the other side of her ladyship, and said that her situation was a most happy one, she being then between the two greatest men in Europe!!! It is said that the Duke of Wellington thought it no joke.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are again compelled, though very reluctantly, to refer our answers to Correspondents; but the fact is, that our communications have so accumulated, that it will require a page to do them justice, and we had rather delay a week, than by omitting to acknowledge the favours of many, make a distinction which might seem invidious.

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